



One Huge Blank



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Chapter 1 by Fanwizard

Falling

falling

falling

silently toward the cold icy water thousands of feet below. I can already feel the water on my skin even as I fall. I know what it's going to feel like when I hit that water. I don't need anyone to tell me that as soon as I hit the water, I'll die.

And strangely enough, it's peaceful as I close my eyes and wait for the impact to hit me. It doesn't.

I have no memory of my previous life. All I know is my name. Summer. No middle or last name. I keep waiting for my memories to return, trying to remember my previous life, but nothing returns. It's weird, knowing that there should be something that I should remember but there isn't.

So far my life is a huge blank.

I got here because . *I used to be until and then I'm here because _.*

The only memories I have now are the ones that I recently created.

Running

Falling

Nearly dying but not

Every single time I think I

location

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other place, another

Another beginning.
And another ending.

When I open my eyes again, I'm in a maze. The walls are stone, and it's dark.
My eyes dart around, searching for any danger when I freeze and hear it.
The sound of rustling, the sound of claws scuttling across the ground.

The sound of large claws scuttling.

The sound of very large claws scuttling.

At another turn of the maze, I see them.

Massive, dark, bear sized scorpions.

They have to be fake. I have to be dreaming.

But I'm not.

I pinch myself, but realize I'm awake. I have been awake ever since I opened my eyes, no memory except my name. I've never needed water. I've never needed food.

The scorpions scuttle closer, closer, and closer.

I run, taking every turn I see, running for my life, literally.

Because once I'm cornered, the scorpions will literally snap my neck then eat me for dinner.

Yum.

But there are more coming from different directions.

I press myself against the wall, as they draw closer, their sickly sweet breath in my face, as I stare into their beady little eyes.

I close my eyes.

When I open them again, I'm not dead.

But I don't know where I am.

Instead of finding myself in an ocean, in the desert, or plunging head first into icy cold water, I'm in a chair, my arms gripping the armrests.

That couldn't have been a dream, could it?

There's a very large computer attached to the chair, beeping occasionally, but I'm alone.

I'm in a room. The walls are painted white, no decorations. There's one counter, holding the

computer and a silver tray. Excluding the chair, that's about it. There are no signs of human life.

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Chapter 2 by Fairhead

I stand up, stretch. I feel s

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Was that all a dream? It couldn't have been, could it? It seemed so real, I could still feel the wind rushing by my cheeks as I fell toward water.

Could that mean I could get my memory back?

I try hard, struggling to bring back any previous memories.

Still just Summer with no recollection of what happened before all the close death experiences.

I grab the cold silver knob, using my shoulder to shove the door open.

It leads to a hallway, with hundreds of doors all closed. No one is walking through the walls. As far as I can tell, there is no one in this place.

I open the closest doors to me. All of them have the same set up as my room, except there's no one in the chairs.

I open all the doors. The exact same thing is in all the rooms.

Finally, I reach the end of the hallway, where another white closed door awaits.

No one is stopping me. No one is trying to eat me for breakfast extra crispy.

I open the door, and am about to fly out the door, where I can see trees tangled together, when suddenly, there's a hand on my shoulder.

I turn around to look at who has placed their hand on my shoulder. Is it a robot?

But no, it's a human. A breathing human. The first person I've seen in my memory.

"Wait, don't go."

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